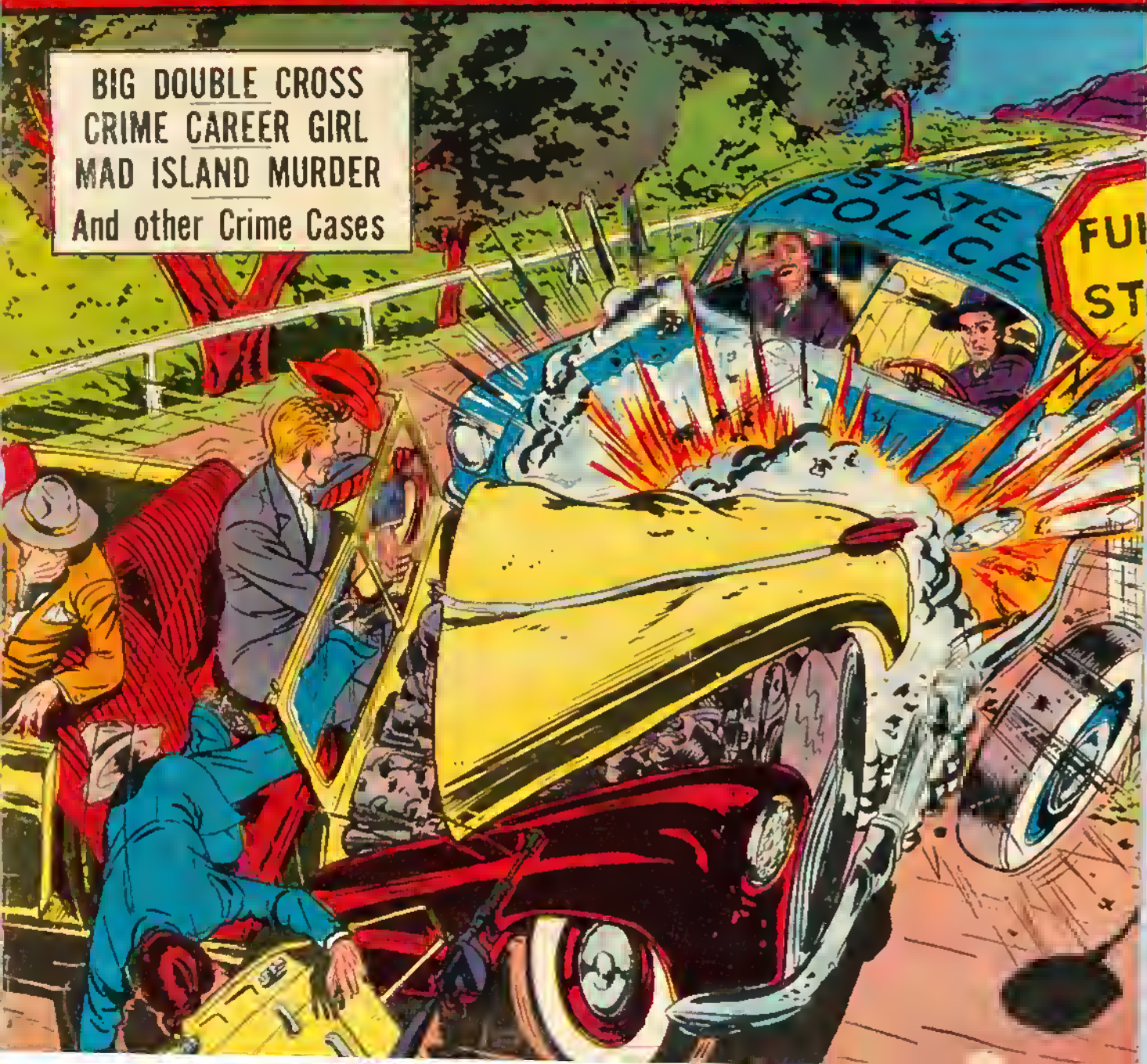


CRIME
JUSTICE

CRIME AND JUSTICE

NO. 2
10¢

BIG DOUBLE CROSS
CRIME CAREER GIRL
MAD ISLAND MURDER
And other Crime Cases



The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTIC TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HILARIOUS RAUCOUS", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", and "STRANGE WORLDS". The art style is characteristic of mid-century pulp magazines, with bold colors and dynamic illustrations. Overlaid on top of this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a large, white, stylized font with a slight shadow effect. The overall composition suggests a digital archive or website dedicated to classic comic books.

DETECTIONotes!

"STEPS-
AHEAD!"

ON OR NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRIME A PERSON'S FOOTPRINTS OFTEN MAKE IDENTIFICATION POSSIBLE. A SCIENTIFIC CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR, BESIDES DEALING WITH MINUTE DETAILS, MUST BE ABLE TO INTERPRET EVERY DAY FACTS. AN INDIVIDUAL'S FOOTPRINTS, "THE WALKING PICTURE" OFFERS AN IMPORTANT CLUE. A DETECTIVE MUST OBSERVE PRINTS, AND TELL BY OBSERVING THESE WHETHER A MAN WAS WALKING RAPIDLY, WALKING SLOWLY, RUNNING SLOWLY, RUNNING RAPIDLY, WHETHER A MAN WAS BOW-LEGGED OR KNOCK KNEED AND TO JUDGE THE WEIGHT OF THE PERSON.

CRIME
CLUES!

DUST PARTICLES FROM CLOTHING OR SHOES, WHEN PLACED UNDER A SPECTROGRAPH HAVE CONCLUSIVELY PROVED THE PRESENCE OF A SUSPECT AT A CRIME SCENE.

FOOT LINE
FOOT ANGLE

DURING A RECENT TEST MADE BY A NOTED CRIMINOLOGIST TO DETERMINE HOW RELIABLE EYE-WITNESS DESCRIPTIONS REALLY ARE, FROM 2000 PERSONS QUESTIONED IT WAS FOUND THAT THE PEOPLE UNCONSCIOUSLY ADD AS MUCH AS FIVE INCHES ESTIMATING A PERSON'S HEIGHT AND OFTEN MAKE HIM HEAVIER OR ADD AS MUCH AS EIGHT YEARS TO HIS AGE.

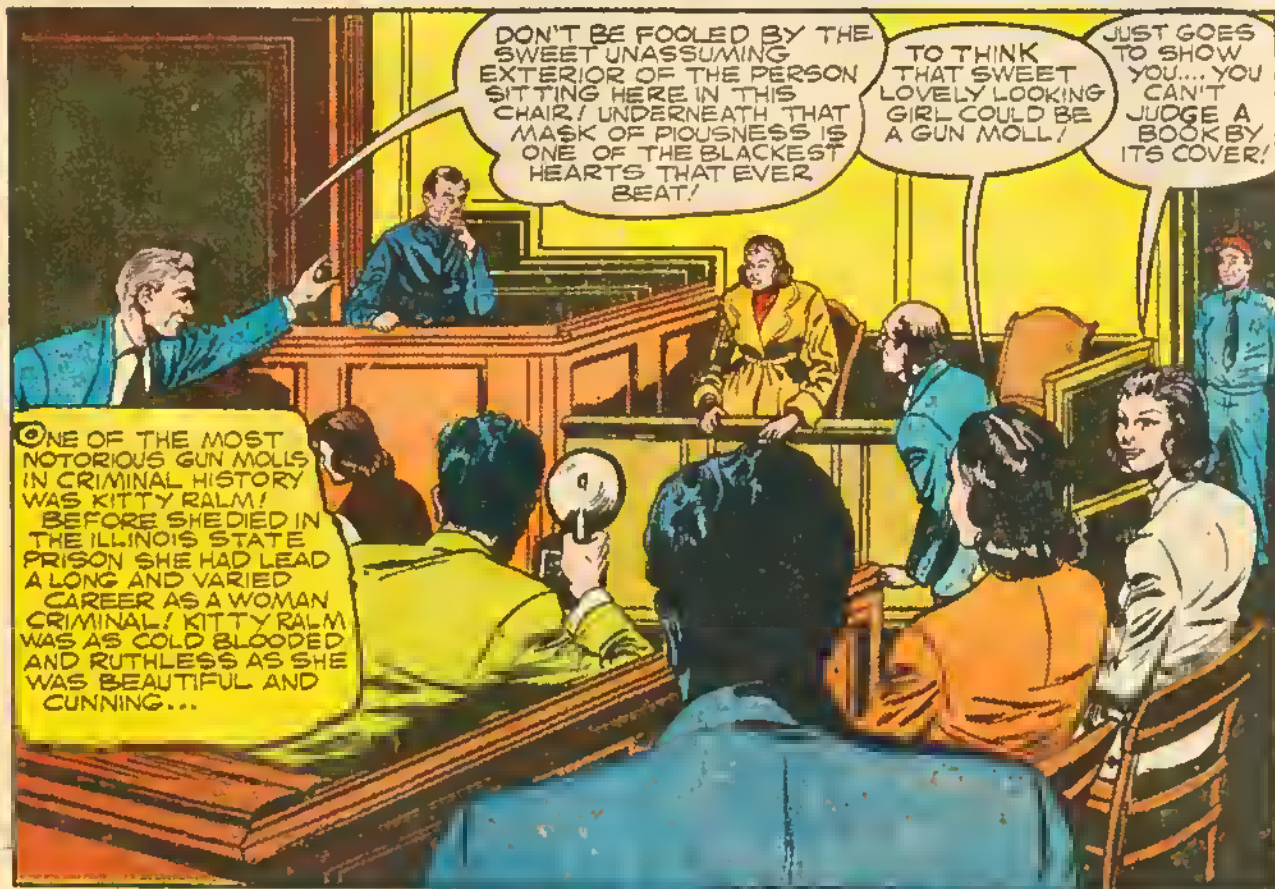
GUNS WHICH MURDER OR ROBBERY SUSPECTS CLAIMED HAD NOT BEEN FIRED FOR MONTHS HAVE BEEN SHOWN BY CHEMICAL ANALYSIS TO HAVE BEEN USED AT ABOUT THE TIME OF THE CRIME.

"THUMB FUN!"

FINGERPRINTING, AS A SYSTEM OF IDENTIFICATION IS KNOWN FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS OF THE EAST--THE IMPRESSION OF THE THUMB WAS THE MONARCH'S SIGN-MANUAL.

CAREER GIRL ^{IN} CRIME

THE TRUE STORY OF KITTY RALM



KITTY'S CAREER IN CRIME BEGAN WHEN SHE WAS WORKING AS A NIGHT CLUB WAITRESS IN CHICAGO...

A FEW MINUTES LATER.....



YOU PICKED ON THE WRONG CHICK THIS TIME, ONION HEAD! THIS LITTLE GIRL IS A GUN MOLL!

HUH? I DIDN'T MEAN NUTHIN'!

HERE, TAKE MY WALLET I'LL GO WAY AND WON'T BOTHER YOU!

HUH?

A HUNDRED AND EIGHTY BUCKS! HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON? I'M GOING TO GET A REAL GUN!

IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, KITTY BECAME VERY PROFICIENT IN HER NEW TRADE...

REACH, BROTHER! I WANT YOUR WALLET!

WHAT THE? WHY YOU'RE JUST A GIRL!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT GIRL STUFF, YOUR WALLET, OR THIS ROD WILL SQUIRT LEAD!

OKAY, YOU CAN HAVE IT!

IT WAS A STRANGE TWIST, BUT THE STREETS OF CHICAGO SUDDENLY BECAME UNSAFE FOR SINGLE MEN TO TRAVEL ON AT NIGHT....

WE CAN'T GET A LINE ON HER! WE CAN'T PICK UP EVERY GIRL ON THE STREET AS A HOLD-UP SUSPECT!

IF WE DON'T, SOME DAY THAT GUN'S GOING TO GO OFF!

THIS STUFF IS PEANUTS! I'VE GOT TO GET A PARTNER... A MAN... AND HIT THE BIG TIME!

SOON AFTER, KITTY FELL IN WITH TONY WELLS, AN EX-CONVICT AND BANK ROBBER...

A SERIES OF STICK-UPS! THEN.....

NOW GET IT STRAIGHT! I PLAN THE JOBS AND GIVE THE ORDERS!

YOU'RE THE BOSS KITTY. WITH YOUR NERVE WE ARE GOOD FOR A FORTUNE!



NO ONE IS ALLOWED IN HERE, MAR'M!

THIS GUN'S MY PASS, MISTER! GIVE ME THAT DOUGH!



YOU CAN'T INTIMIDATE... AA-AH!

I SAID GIVE ME THAT DOUGH!

KITTY, ARE YOU CRAZY! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?

SHUT UP AND GET THAT DOUGH OUT OF THERE!

OKAY, OKAY! DON'T GET EXCITED!



POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I HEAR YOU'VE GOT A GOOD SET OF PRINTS IN THE SAFE!

YEAH! THEY BELONG TO AN EX-CONVICT. HIS NAME IS TONY WELLS!

SEND OUT A PICK-UP ON HIM, HE'S GOING TO BURN!



THAT IDIOT! THAT CLOWN! IF HE SINGS ON ME, I'M THROUGH!



BITTY HAD OVER \$10,000
HIDDEN UNDER THE FLOOR OF
HER APARTMENT...

I'VE GOT TO GET THAT
MONEY BEFORE THE POLICE
FIND IT... AND GET OUT OF
TOWN!

THEY KNOW ABOUT ME!
THAT CHEAP HOODLUM
SQUEALED!

MY MONEY! TEN GRAND!
THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT
FROM ME!



BITTY DECIDED ON A COURSE OF ACTION...

LISTEN, YOU OLD CRONE! I'LL GIVE
YOU TEN BUCKS FOR YOUR
CLOTHES! YOU CAN HAVE
MINE!

BLESS
YOU
MAR'M...
IT CERTAINLY
IS A DEAL!

NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE ME NOW IN THESE
OLD CLOTHES AND A BLONDE WIG! I DON'T
EVEN RECOGNIZE MYSELF! NOW I'M GOING
AFTER THAT DOUGH!

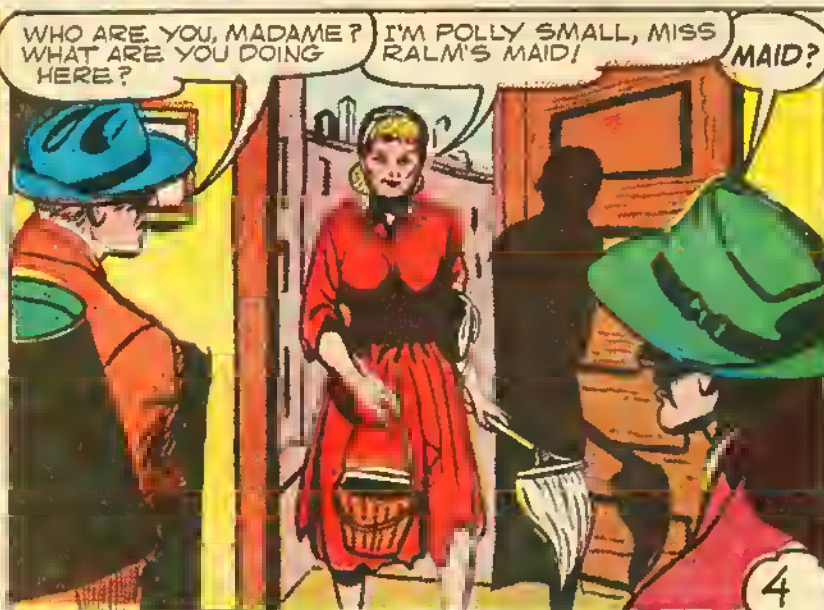


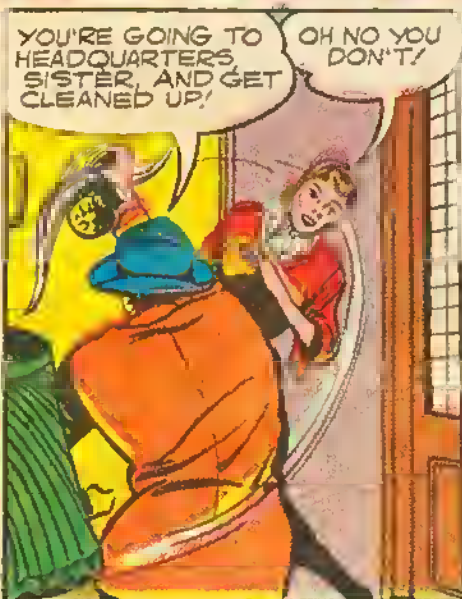
LATER...

WHO ARE YOU, MADAME?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

I'M POLLY SMALL, MISS
RALM'S MAID!

MAID?





A
CRIME AND
JUSTICE
SPECIAL

MAD ISLAND

MURDER MYSTERY...



A MADMAN'S CARIBBEAN ISLAND IS NO PLACE TO ENJOY BEING SHIP-WRECKED... NOT EVEN WHEN IT LOOKS LIKE PARADISE FROM ABOVE... FOR OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS PAST, A MURDERER STRIKES!

WHO IS THE EVIL-ONE WHO WOULD DRENCH THIS TINY ISLE WITH BLOOD? WHAT'S BEHIND THE LUST FOR KILLING?

WHO IS THE
MAD ISLAND KILLER?

WELL, READER,
DO YOU KNOW--
WHO DUNNIT?

JEFF IS ON HIS DAY OFF AND IS ENJOYING A SOLO FLIGHT OVER THE BEAUTIFUL CARIBBEAN ISLANDS.

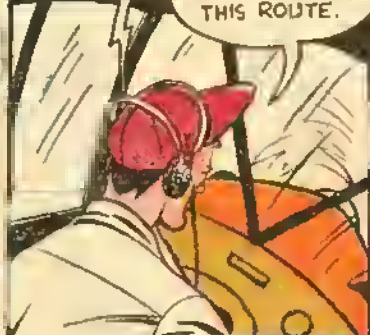
AH... THIS IS THE LIFE... UP HERE... ALL ALONE... OH... OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER...

LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE RADIO.



...HERE'S THE LATEST NEWS... THE J. HOWARD BROWN YACHT IS LONG OVERDUE. IT IS BELIEVED TO BE SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH CARIBBEAN...

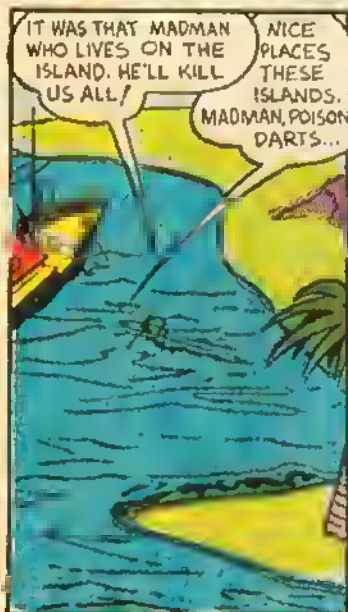
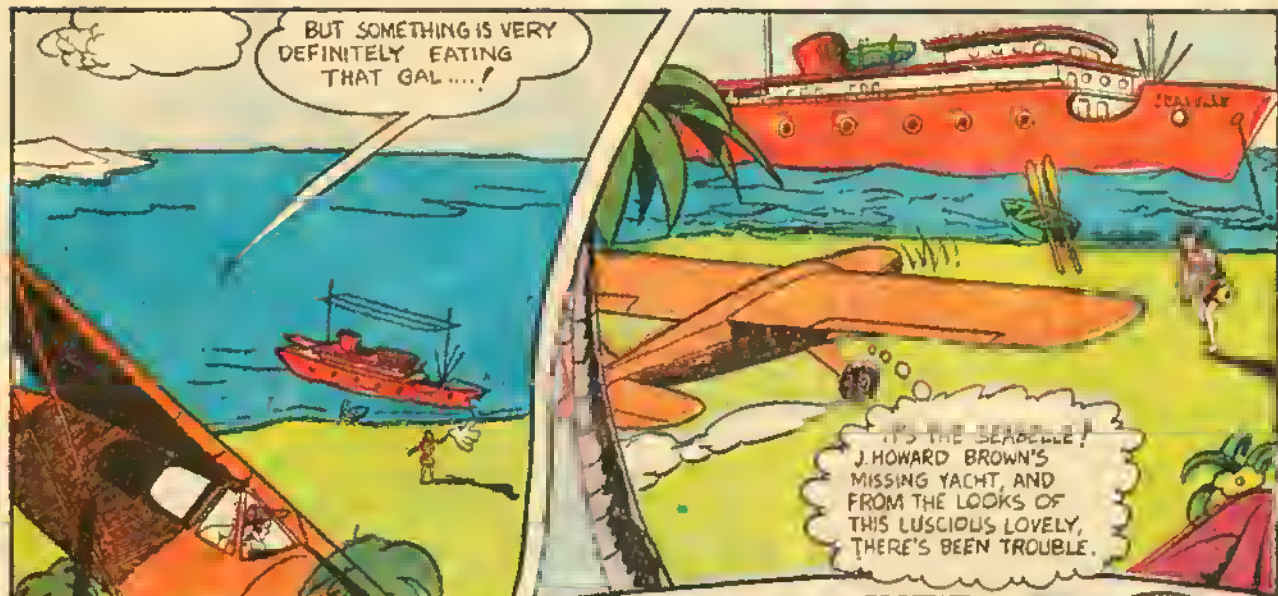
HAVE TO KEEP MY EYES PEELED. NOT MANY OF US FLY THIS ROUTE.



A SHORT TIME LATER....

HMM-A YACHT DOWN THERE. NOTHING SEEMS TO BE WRONG WITH IT, THOUGH.







THE MAN HAS NO LIFE LEFT, MISS. HE'S A CORPSE...

OH!!

THAT MURDEROUS MADMAN. UNTIL HE'S SHOT, NONE OF US WILL BE SAFE!



A PITY. I GUESS THERE'S NOT MUCH YOU CAN DO NOW EXCEPT RADIO SHORE THAT WE'RE SAFE.

HOW ABOUT THIS MADMAN?



HE WAS THE ONE WHO PUT THE ENGINE AND RADIO OUT OF ORDER.

IF I HADN'T BEEN SUCH A CHUMP, LEAVING THE BOAT UNGUARDED WHILE WE WENT ASHORE.....

AND PARKER.... WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?



PARKER'S MY SECRETARY. THE TWO OF US WERE AFT LAST NIGHT, STANDING WATCH WHILE THE CREW WORKED ON THE ENGINE....SUDDENLY, PARKER GAVE A SHOUT. HIT BY A POISONED DART FROM A PIROGUE.



PARKER NEVER RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE MURDERER ESCAPED IN THE DARK. MY CREW IS LOOKING FOR HIM WITH ORDERS TO SHOOT ON SIGHT!



NASTY BUSINESS. AFTER I SEND A CALL TO THE AUTHORITIES, I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK FOR THE FELLOW MYSELF.... BY PLANE!

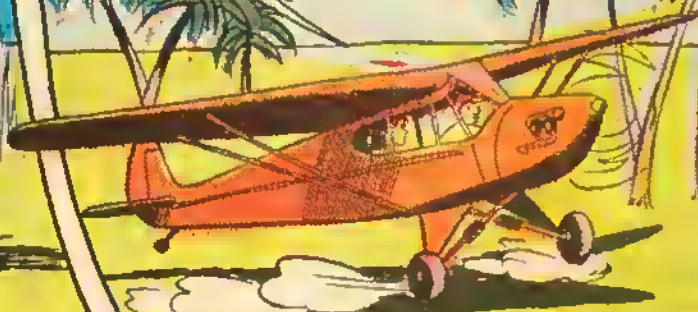
I'M GOING WITH YOU!

CAREFUL, HE'S A KILLER YOU KNOW.

WAIT FOR ME, PLEASE.
HE MIGHT BE HIDING IN THE
JUNGLE RIGHT NOW WITH
ANOTHER POISON DART.

...AND AFTER JEFF RADIOS SHORE FOR HELP.....

WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SPOT
THIS FELLOW FAIRLY EASILY
FROM THE AIR...AT LEAST
HIS SHELTER SHOULD
BE VISIBLE.



FEW MINUTES LATER...

LOOK! THERE IT IS!
THE MADMAN'S
HOUSE!

NOT A BAD LOOKING SHACK
FOR A WHACKY KILLER...WE'LL
HAVE A LOOK!



THERE HE IS! DUCKING
INTO THE JUNGLE.
WILD LOOKING
FELLOW, TOO!



STAY AT THE PLANE, JUDY.
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS!

NOTHING DOING! FOUR
EYES ARE BETTER THAN
TWO IN THIS JUNGLE!

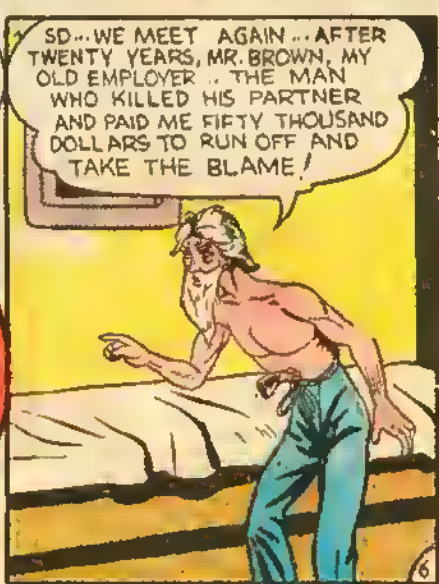
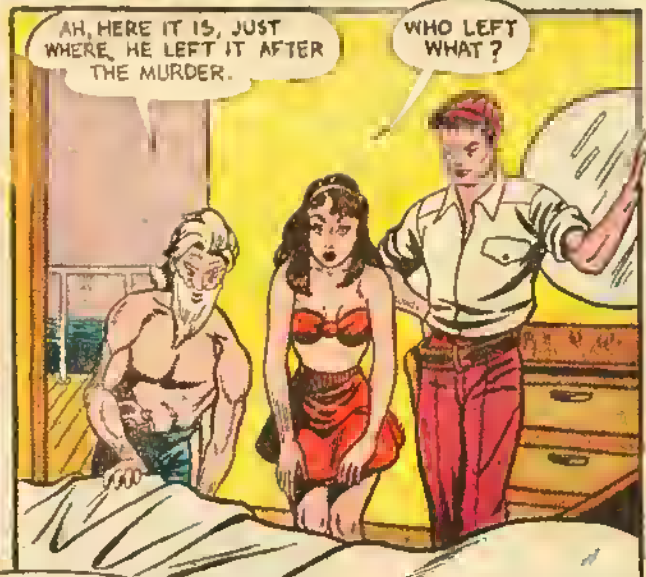
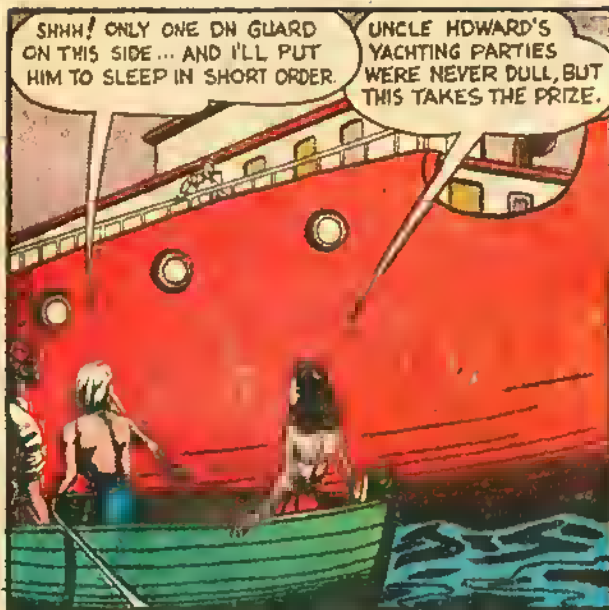


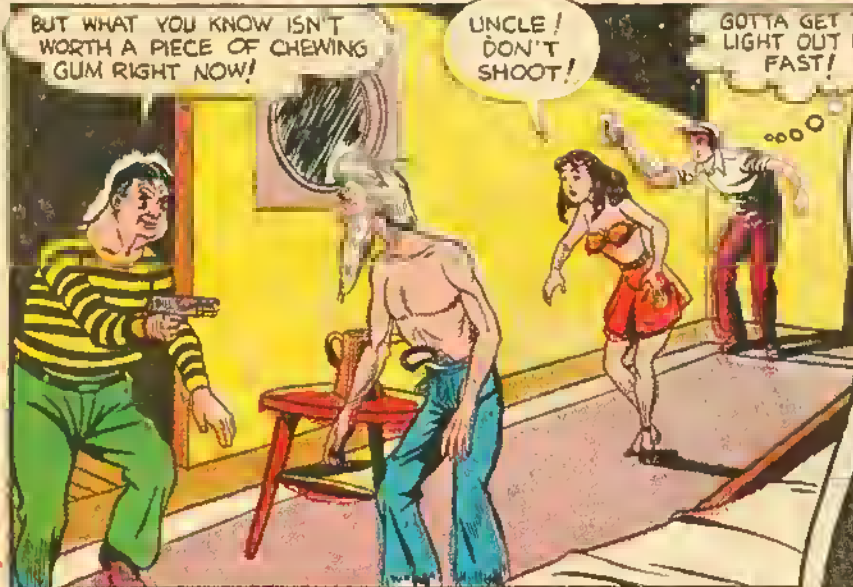
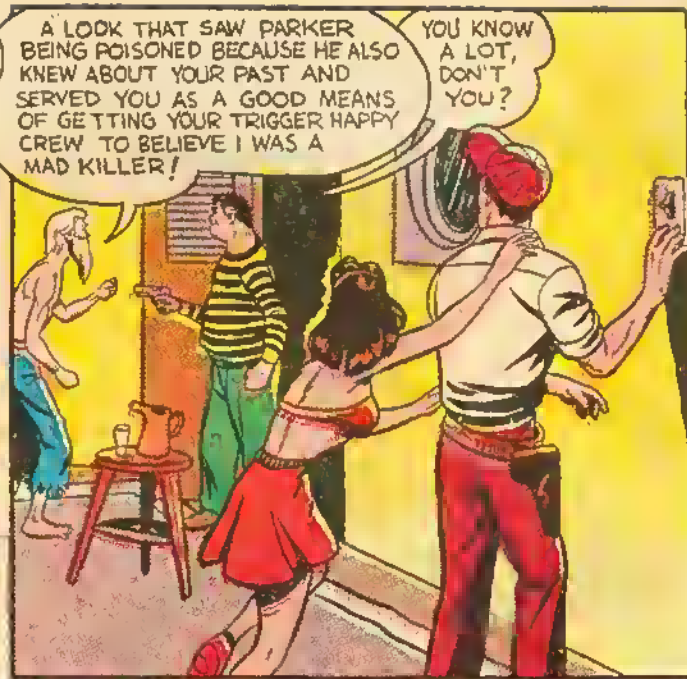
HE'S
DISAPPEARED!

MAYBE HE'S HEADED FOR
HIS SHACK.









A TRUE CRIME

STORY

ADAPTED

FROM

STATE POLICE

FILES.

CRIME AND JUSTICE SALUTES MISSOURI STATE
TROOPER S.S. ABNEY WHO CHARGED ALMOST
CERTAIN DEATH TO BRING ABOUT THE CAPTURE OF FIVE
DESPERATE MEN WHOSE WAVE OF VIOLENT CRIME HAD
BLAZED A PATH OF TERROR AND LAWLESSNESS ACROSS
THE ENTIRE MIDDLE WEST

ROADBLOCK



YOU'VE GOT TO
STOP, OLL, OR WE'LL
ALL BE KILLED!

WE AIN'T STOPPIN'
FOR NOTHIN'...
KEEP SHOOTIN'!



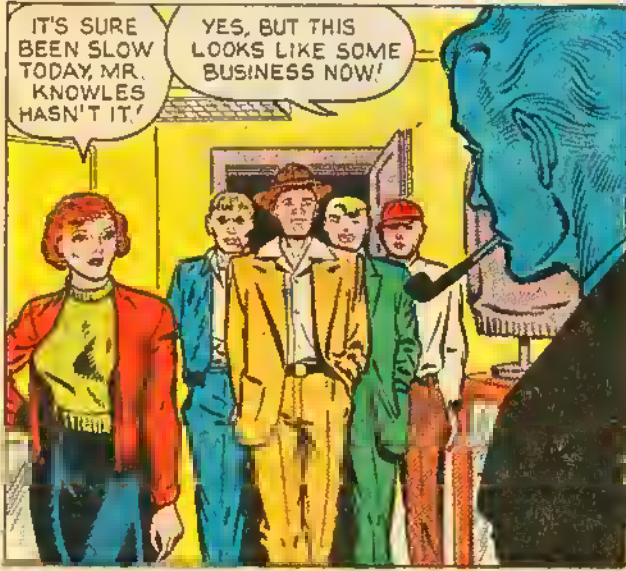
CAREFUL...
DON'T HIT THE
CRUISER!



A CLOTHING STORE IN A WESTERN CITY, DEC. 1, 1947.

IT'S SURE
BEEN SLOW
TODAY, MR.
KNOWLES
HASN'T IT!

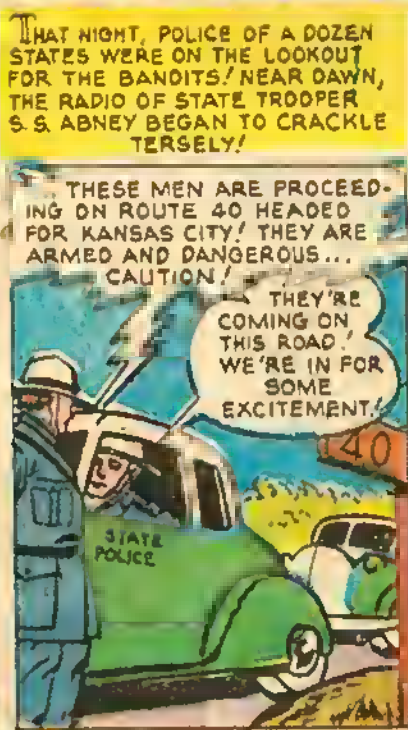
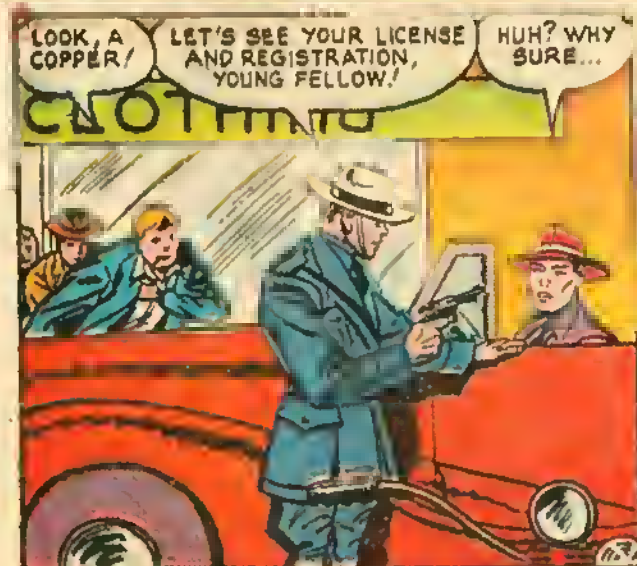
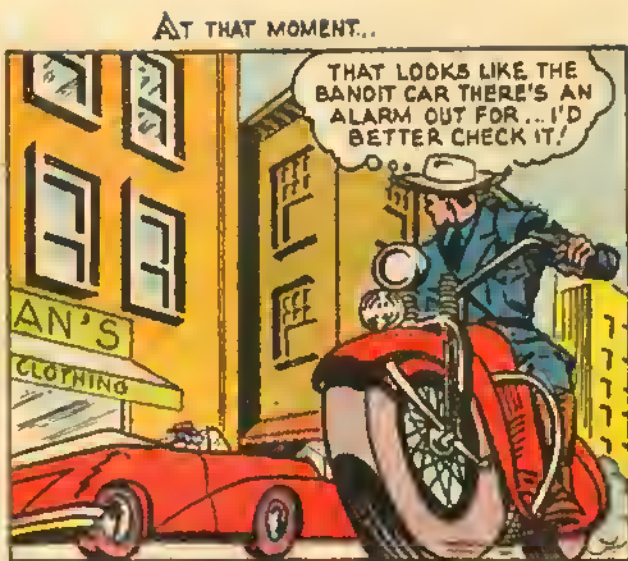
YES, BUT THIS
LOOKS LIKE SOME
BUSINESS NOW!



CAN I
HELP YOU
AAGH!

NO, WE'LL
JUST HELP
OURSELVES!

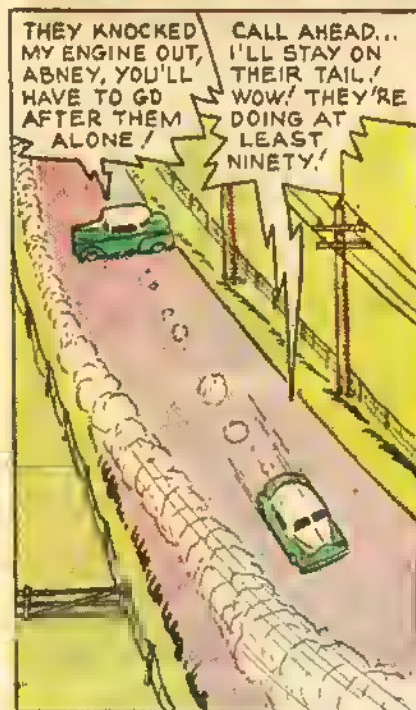
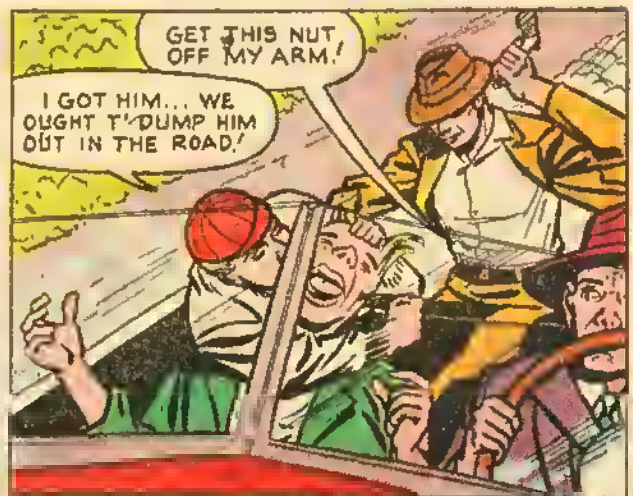




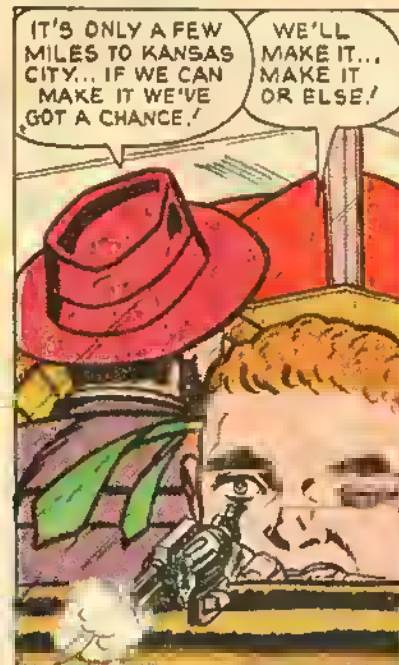
WHILE IN THE SPEEDING BANDIT CAR...



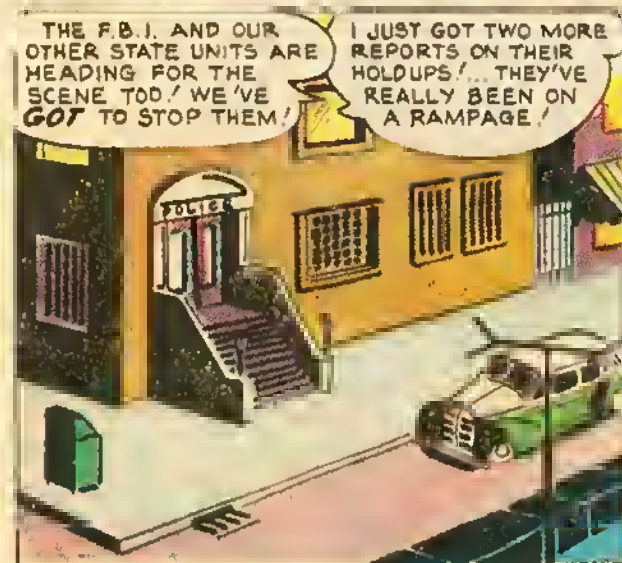
WITH RECKLESS SPEED THE BANDIT LEADER SLIPS PAST THE PARKED CRUISERS...



AND SO THE CHASE WAS ON...



WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN KANSAS CITY...



MEANWHILE THE CHASE CONTINUES...



LOOK! ANOTHER ROADBLOCK! WE CAN NEVER GET THROUGH THERE!

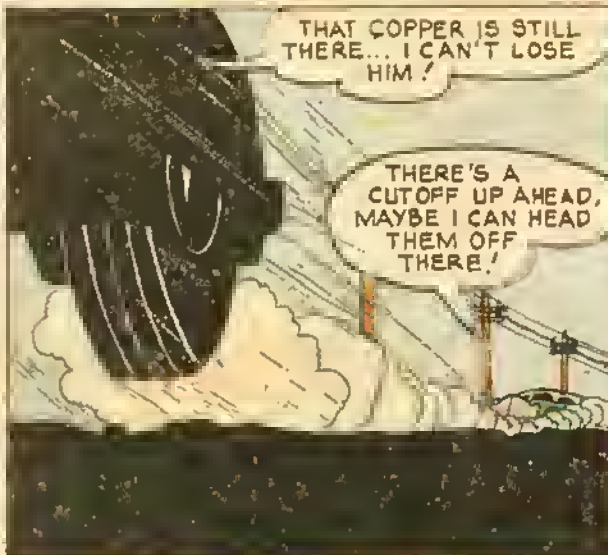
WE'VE GOT TO GO AROUND IT... HANG ON... WE'RE LEAVING THE ROAD!



NOT FOR ONE SECOND DID TROOPER ABNEY HESITATE...

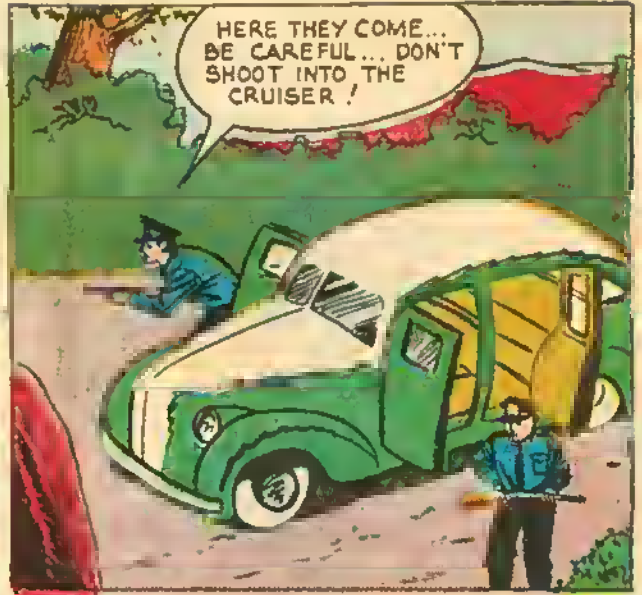
THAT COPPER IS STILL THERE... I CAN'T LOSE HIM!

THERE'S A CUTOFF UP AHEAD, MAYBE I CAN HEAD THEM OFF THERE!



... AND UP AHEAD...

HERE THEY COME... BE CAREFUL... DON'T SHOOT INTO THE CRUISER!



ABNEY RADIOS FOR HELP

AN' I'M GOING TO TRY TO CRACK 'EM UP THERE... IF THERE IS ANYTHING LEFT OF ME... I'LL NEED IT!



IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

I'M GIVING IT ALL IT'S GOT!

HE'S CUTTING ACROSS, STEP ON IT!

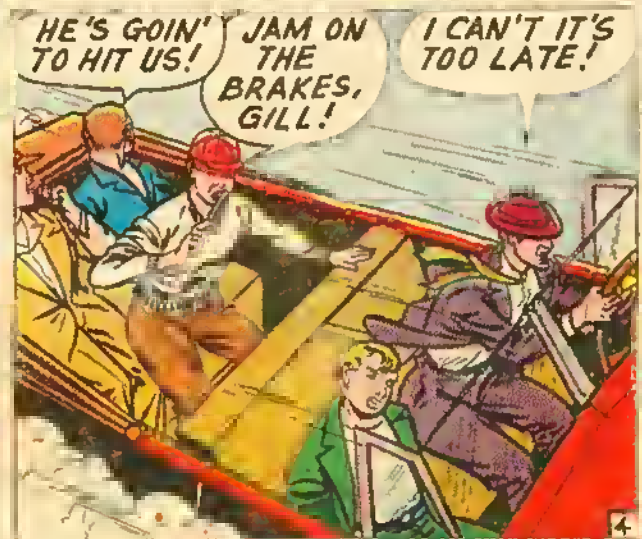


THEN, DISREGARDING HIS OWN PERSONAL SAFETY THE COURAGEOUS OFFICER VEERS TOWARD THE SPEEDING BANDOITS...

HE'S GOIN' TO HIT US!

JAM ON THE BRAKES, GILL!

I CAN'T IT'S TOO LATE!





... HIS OWN CAR BADLY DAMAGED, ABNEY FOUGHT FOR CONTROL...

STOPPED 'EM!
NOW TO STOP
THIS BUGGY
FROM GOING
OVER!

A MOMENT LATER...

PUT UP YOUR
HANDS OR I'LL
SHOOT TO KILL!

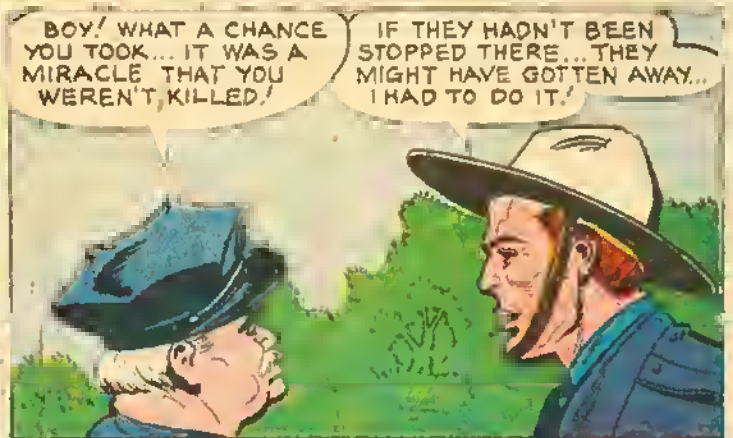


DON'T
SHOOT!
WE
GIVE
UP?

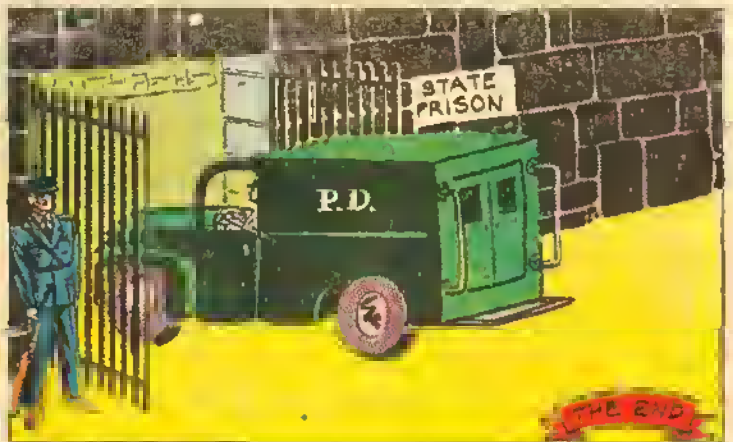
A MINUTE LATER OTHER POLICE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE AND RELIEVE ABNEY.

BOY! WHAT A CHANCE
YOU TOOK... IT WAS A
MIRACLE THAT YOU
WEREN'T KILLED!

IF THEY HADN'T BEEN
STOPPED THERE... THEY
MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY...
I HAD TO DO IT!



AND SO, THANKS TO THE DEVOTION TO DUTY OF TROOPER ABNEY, PRISON DOORS BLAMMED SHUT ON FIVE HOODLUMS WHOSE CAREER IN CRIME HE'D SO ABRUPTLY HALTED.



THE END

CLIPPED BY JUSTICE

It was bad enough losing the pay-roll twice, but when the Sheriff kept up his nagging questions and people around town began to whisper and turn around to look, Ben realized something had to be done. It was all very funny in a way, that the news of his trip each time and the trails he'd be using going to and from the big mine, should be known. It hadn't been just luck and guesswork on the part of whoever was making the grabs. And the part that hurt was that no one else should have known these things, other than Ben and the Sheriff.

"Doesn't make sense," the law-man had admitted to Ben. "If I were a hold-up man, I'd have to have information to work on. I just couldn't meander around the country and run into some hombre carrying a poke with a couple of thousand dollars in it. Figure it out for yourself, Ben."

Ben had figured and hadn't arrived at any other conclusion but that he looked suspicious as the devil. And everyone in town seemed to figure about the same thing. Even Andy Swift . . .

"Looks queer," Big Andy had admitted in his friendly voice. "Just pretend somebody else ran those rolls, Ben. How would it look to you?"

"Punk." Ben nervously chewed the corner of his roughened thumb. "I've got to admit it . . . but I didn't have anything to do with those hold-ups. Shucks, the last time I thought I'd had my head busted open."

Andy Swift shook his cumbersome head. Some of the friendliness had gone from his eyes and voice when next he said, "People are talking. And what they're saying won't help you none. Unless you're tired of living".

Ben got uneasily to his feet. He said, half unconsciously, "I've talked the Sheriff into letting me run the next pay-roll out to the Triangle-W. He didn't want to nohow. But I've just got to prove I haven't had anything to do with it, and this is the only way."

Ben walked out. It was true he had talked the Sheriff into letting him take the pay-roll

to the Triangle-W, but what he hadn't confessed to Andy Swift, or to anyone else for that matter, was that it would be a dummy pay-roll. And if he was held up again, it would be his job to nab the thief.

All of which didn't sound too easy, and riding along the trail early next morning, Ben realized that, come what may, he had to make some kind of showing.

It was clear and cool back in the hills, and the sound of hoof beats the only thing to disturb Ben's thoughts. He had hoped to be able to shut the unpleasantness of the past few weeks from his mind, and concentrate upon the dangerous task ahead of him. But it was impossible to forget that back in town he was suspected of having sold out —

The rider appeared as if by magic. The same small figure, almost undersized, on a horse that seemed mountains too big for him. At any other time it would have been worth a laugh. Now —

"Get 'em up", the bandit snarled. "High. Keep 'em there!"

Ben's body tensed, then relaxed, became ready and waiting. He must not lose his head this time. Evidently the thief knew he would be along the trail today, would be carrying what was supposed to be the Triangle-W pay-roll. What he didn't know was that . . .

"I'll take the money," the man snarled. "Try any tricks and . . ."

He reined in alongside, reached for the satchel. He snatched it, and pulled his horse aside—

Ben let his voice out in open laughter. The bandit wheeled, watching him sharply. "What's funny?"

Ben answered, "There's nothing in that but papers and stones—"

The thief cursed, flung the satchel from him.

Swiftly Ben whirled his horse. For a moment the man had been off guard, caught in the

fury of his own defeat. And the next instant Ben had driven in and launched his slim body. The moment after he had locked his arms about the bandit the horses shied. They teetered desperately and a second later crashed heavily to the ground.

Ben rolled over, leaped up. The man was scrambling to his feet as Ben stepped in and delivered a double blow. And for a moment afterward he stood looking down at the still figure.

At last Ben reached down, ripped the kerchief aside. He stared down, his mind puzzled, anxious. This was no one he had even seen before. A total stranger . . .

Who had tipped him off? As Andy Swift and the Sheriff had both pointed out, it hadn't been just an accident . . .

An hour later Ben had conveyed his prisoner to a cabin deep in the hills, and away from all known trails. The man had recovered consciousness, was glaring sullenly up from the floor. His wrists and ankles were tightly bound.

"You've cut off circulation," he whined. "If you leave me like this—"

"Want to tell me who told you about the pay-roll?" Ben questioned.

"You know where you can go!" the man retorted. "I'm no squealer!"

Ben shrugged and inspected the bonds. They were tight, but had to be to insure finding the man here when he came back. For Ben's mind was working slowly back over the past few weeks, remembering who he'd talked to and what he had said. Unless the Sheriff himself had accidentally talked to the wrong party . . .

"Sorry to leave you alone," Ben murmured, turning toward the door. "But I've got a few calls to make. Then I'll be back!"

Perhaps he had the wrong slant, Ben told himself as he rode back into town. He left his horse out in the woods, continued on foot through the edge of the village.

There was a light in Andy Swift's house and Ben settled down to wait and watch. Who had tipped off who about the pay-rolls? The Sheriff or . . . Ben himself? As nearly as Ben or anyone else knew, Andy Swift was a retired rancher. Everyone respected him, and he'd befriended more than one and never asked repayment. But there was still the nagging uneasiness in the back of Ben's mind . . .

He was about to leave the scene when he saw the shadow slip away from the rear of Andy's house. A bulky shadow, unmistakably Andy's, for there were few others in town who could approach his dimensions.

Ben's body tensed, his breath tightened, as he found his horse and took up Andy Swift's

trail, a trail that led back into the hills to a remote shack. As Ben moved up on foot to the tiny structure, he saw the awakening of yellow light inside. He moved on, approaching the door . . .

The door opened suddenly and against the light from within, Ben saw Andy Swift's bulky body. Andy stiffened, staring down at the revolver pointed at his middle. His face was a study in surprise and growing anger.

"What's the idea, Ben?"

"I think you'd better tell me," Ben answered, closing the door behind him as he followed Andy into the shack. "Or maybe I *could* tell you, at that."

Andy's face was tense now, dangerous. All the friendliness was gone, leaving in its stead a look of cornered desperation.

"You figure you've got something to tell me, Ben. I'd be interested in knowing."

Ben nodded, never for a second letting his eyes move from the bulky man before him. A dangerous man he now knew, a man trapped and who would shoot to kill to save his own life.

"There isn't much," Ben explained slowly. "Except that today I grabbed the guy who tried to stick me up. But this time it didn't do him any good."

Silence again. Andy shifted his big body and Ben's finger tightened on the trigger of the .45.

"Anything else, Ben?"

Ben hesitated, holding his breath. He concluded. "Yeah. He didn't want to talk at first, but when I worked on him a little while he admitted where he'd gotten his information—"

Andy Swift moved with great speed for his bulk. But it was a surprise even to Ben later on when he stopped to think about it, that Andy could have hoped to out-shoot anyone when he himself was covered.

He never made the draw, Ben's .45 smashed once and Andy Swift trembled violently and went down in a heap. His face was twisted and wrenched by the violent pain running through his big body.

Ben said, "That was a fake pay-roll today. You were the only person I could remember telling about it at any time. When your pardner didn't report to you tonight, you came out here to meet him and get your cut."

"You've fooled the people around here long enough. Sorry I had to lie about your pardner. He didn't talk but he didn't have to because I was pretty sure of the truth."

"That arm won't be much good after this. But then, it was time somebody clipped your wings for you!"

THE END

The Big Double Cross

A STORY OF UNDERWORLD TREACHERY

DROP THOSE GUNS OR WE'LL CUT YOU DOWN.

IT'S A TRAP...

WE'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED.

WHEREVER THE EXPRESSION, THERE'S HONOR AMONG THIEVES ORIGINATED, NO ONE KNOWS. HOWEVER, NOTHING COULD BE FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH! AS THIS STORY, BASED ON A TRUE POLICE CASE, ILLUSTRATES, CROOKS ARE AS DISHONEST WITH EACH OTHER AS THEY ARE WITH SOCIETY AS A WHOLE.

THE APARTMENT OF SAM GAULT, UNDERWORLD FENCE.

CHARLIE, SHAKE HANDS WITH BUZZ GILSON.. HE WAS WITH THE PRETTY BOY FLOYD MOB. A GOOD MAN.

HIYA! SAM SAYS YOU CAN USE ME ON YOUR NEXT CAPER. HOW ABOUT IT?

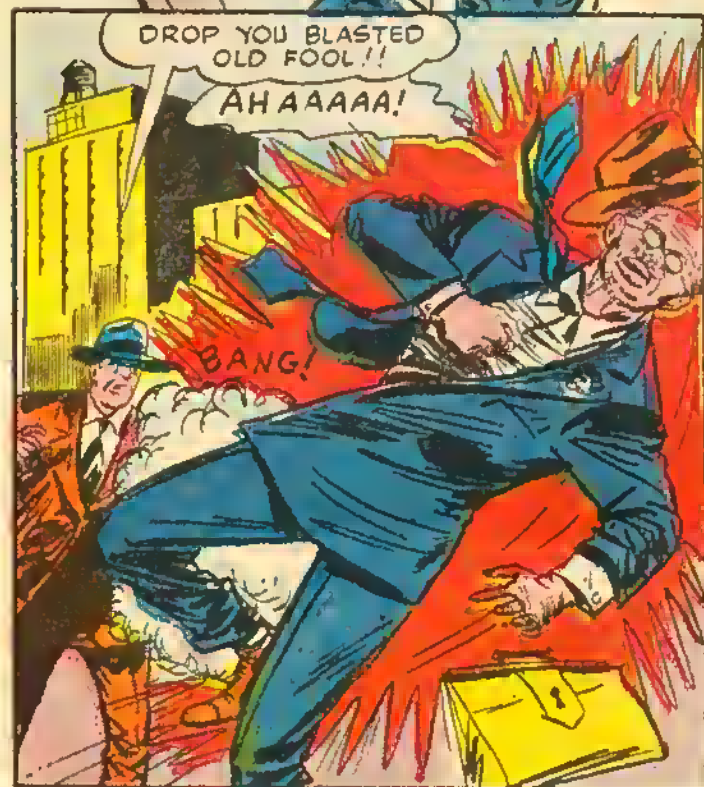
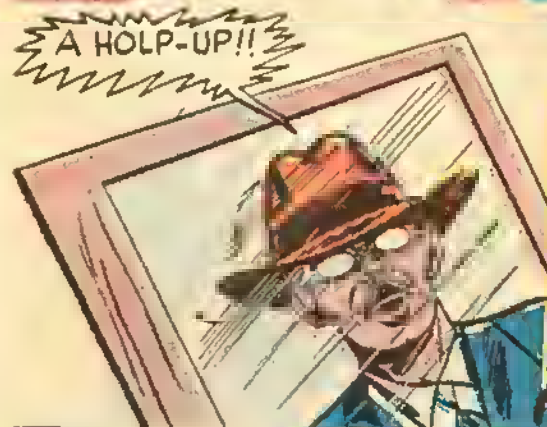
IF SAM SAYS YOU'RE OKAY.. THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

THAT'S FINE! NOW! WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE?

THE BENSON NATIONAL BANK. WE'VE CASSED IT AND IT'S A PUSHOVER! SHOULD BE GOOD FOR A HUNDRED GRAND!

MISTER, FOR THAT KIND OF DOUGH YOU CAN DEAL ME IN. BUT THEY'LL HAVE THE SERIAL NUMBERS ON THE BILLS... THEY'LL BE HOT AS FIRECRACKERS.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT THAT'S MY DEPARTMENT JUST GET IT I'LL DO THE UN-LOADING FOR A PERCENTAGE.





A GRINDING OF GEARS AND THE GET-AWAY CAR ROARS ACROSS THE PAVEMENT.

HOW ABOUT THE DOUGH.. DID YOU GET IT ALL?

WE CLEANED 'EM OUT! BUT NOW IT'LL BE HOTTER THAN EVER.



THERE'S TH' ROAD.. ANYTHING COMING, SHORTY?

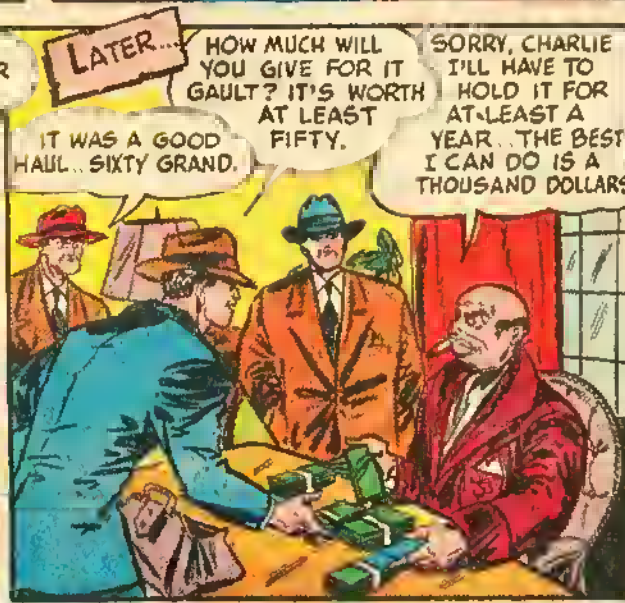
NOT A THING.. WE HAD TOO MUCH OF A START ON 'EM!



THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT US IN THESE TRUCKERS OVERALLS.

THIS WOULD'VE BEEN A NEAT CAPER IF YOU HADN'T STARTED THAT BLASTING

IT WAS A PRETTY SMART IDEA USING TWO TRUCKS FOR THE GETAWAY.



LATER...

HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE FOR IT GAULT? IT'S WORTH AT LEAST FIFTY.

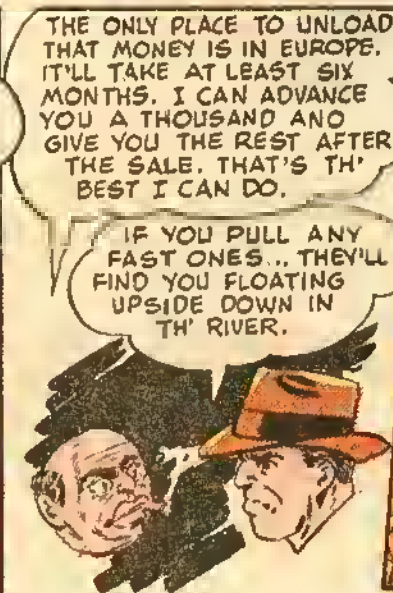
IT WAS A GOOD HAUL.. SIXTY GRAND.

SORRY, CHARLIE I'LL HAVE TO HOLD IT FOR AT-LEAST A YEAR.. THE BEST I CAN DO IS A THOUSAND DOLLARS



ONE GRAND... THAT'S NO OICE... YOU'LL GIVE US FIFTY OR NO SALE.

EASY NOW. TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME. LET'S TALK THIS OVER.



THE ONLY PLACE TO UNLOAD THAT MONEY IS IN EUROPE. IT'LL TAKE AT LEAST SIX MONTHS. I CAN ADVANCE YOU A THOUSAND AND GIVE YOU THE REST AFTER THE SALE. THAT'S TH' BEST I CAN DO.

IF YOU PULL ANY FAST ONES... THEY'LL FIND YOU FLOATING UPSIDE DOWN IN TH' RIVER.



A GRAND IS PEANUTS, WE'VE GOT TO PULL ANOTHER JOB. I'VE BEEN CASING ANOTHER SPOT AND IF YOU GUYS WANT TO HELP WE CAN PICK UP A ROLL. HOW ABOUT IT?

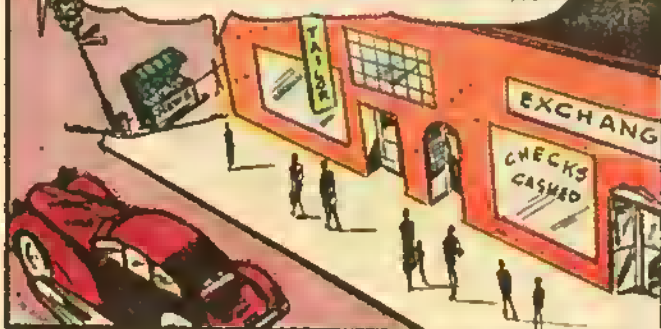
IF I LIKE THE SPOT IT'S A DEAL. WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME CASH.

DEAL ME IN TOO.

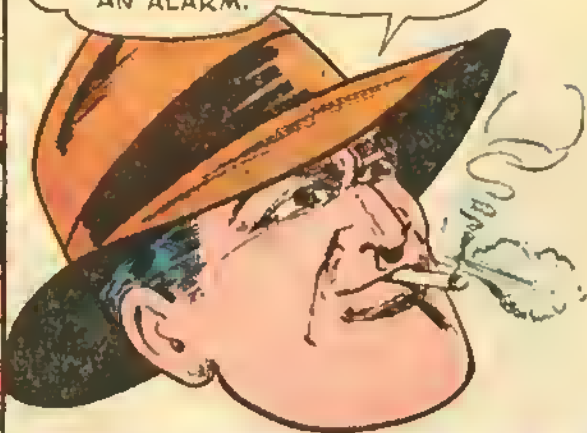
THE NEXT DAY THE TRIO OF CROOKS MAKE THEIR PLANS FOR THE ROBBERY...

NOW HERE'S THE DOPE. WE'LL BREAK INTO THAT TAILOR SHOP TONIGHT. THEN WE'LL CUT AWAY THE WALL INTO THE CHECK CASHING PLACE. NOT QUITE ALL THE WAY THROUGH.

I GET IT. THEN TOMORROW WE BUST RIGHT INTO THE CASHIERS' BOOTH.



RIGHT!! THEN WE'LL STICK 'EM UP BEFORE THEY CAN PRESS AN ALARM.



NEXT MORNING AS THE TAILOR ARRIVES FOR WORK.

OKAY, MISTER. PUT 'EM UP AN' KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT!

HUH?... WHO'S THERE?



THAT NIGHT...

WE CAN PUSH THAT THROUGH IN A SPLIT SECOND.

YOU'RE REALLY ON THE BALL, BUZZ. I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU.

WE'LL BUST THROUGH RIGHT AFTER THE MONEY TRUCK GETS HERE.



I'LL BE OUT ON THE STREET AS LOOKOUT. LAY LOW UNTIL EXACTLY TEN O'CLOCK. THEN BREAK THROUGH... I'LL HAVE THE CAR WAITING OUTSIDE.

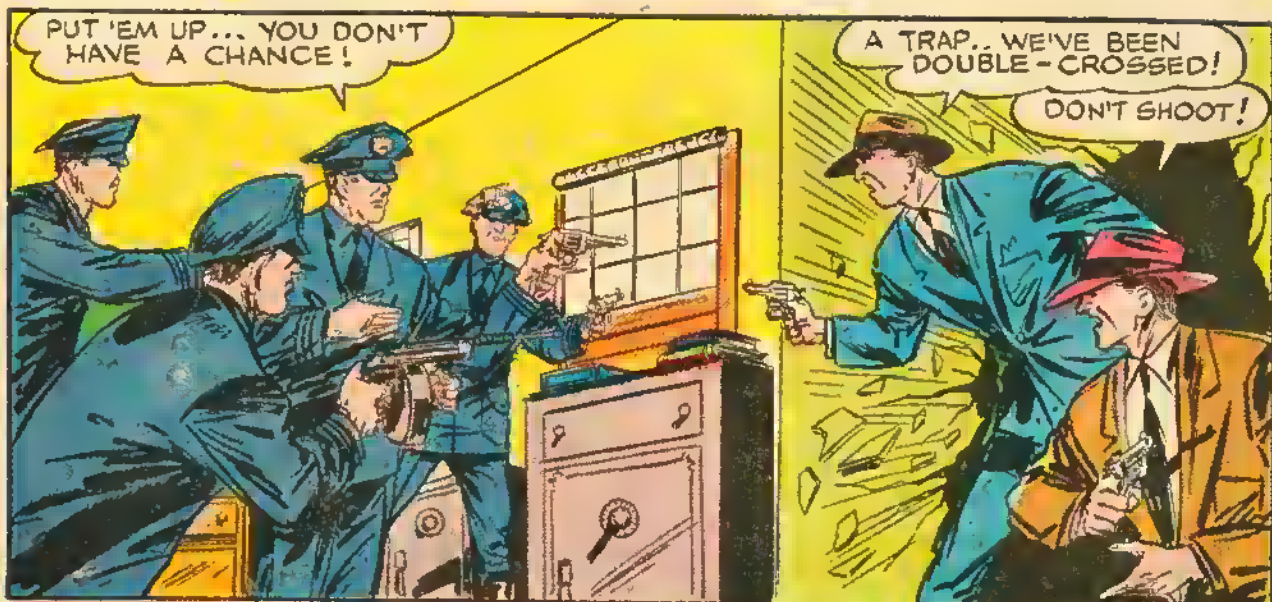
OKAY!! IT SHOULD TAKE ONLY A COUPLE OF MINUTES TO SHAKE THE DOUGH DOWN... JUST BE THERE.

AS THE CLOCK STRIKES TEN.

HAVE YOUR GUN READY...

IT'S READY... PUSH.





AS GAULT REACHES INTO THE SAFE.



WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING RATTLESNAKE GAULT WHEELS AND FIRES.

YOU'VE PULLED YOUR LAST DOUBLE CROSS, BUZZ.

W-WHAT TH'!!



(COUGH) YOU'VE KILLED ME... YOU'VE KILLED ME..



YOU'VE KILLED ME, YOU FAT PIG. YOU'VE KILLED ME!!



A FEW MINUTES LATER:

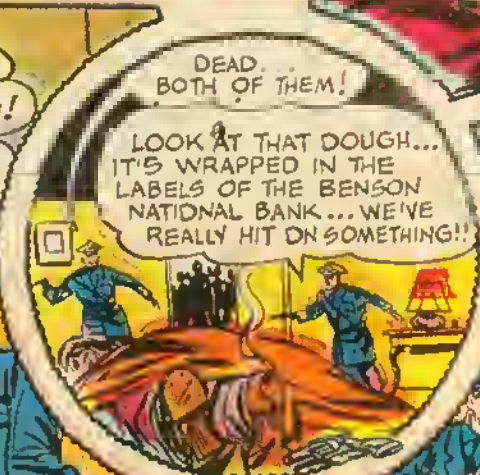
THE SHOTS CAME FROM THERE... THERE'S BEEN A MURDER.. I KNOW!

TAKE IT EASY, MOTHER, WE'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT IT IN A MINUTE!



DEAD. BOTH OF THEM!

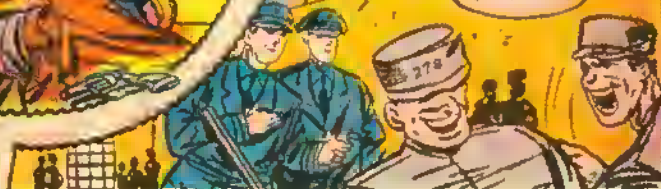
LOOK AT THAT DOUGH... IT'S WRAPPED IN THE LABELS OF THE BENSON NATIONAL BANK... WE'VE REALLY HIT ON SOMETHING!!



When THE NEWS IS RELAYED OVER THE PRISON GRAPEVINE

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE CONS... THEY ACT NUTS.

I DON'T KNOW... SOMETIMES THESE CANARIES LAUGH AT THE DARDEST THINGS.



THE END.

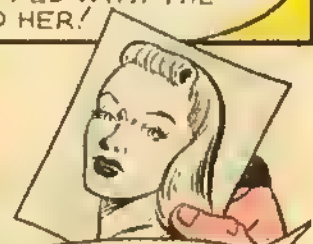
LEN RAWSON F.B.I.



"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME" IS AN OLD SAYING ABOUT CRIME. IT MEANS FIND THE WOMAN! AND LEN RAWSON, ACE F.B.I. MAN SETS OUT TO DO JUST THAT! ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF LOOKING AT A PRETTY GIRL BEHIND A VICIOUS AUTOMATIC!

EARLY ONE MORNING, LEN RAWSON STARTS THE DAY WRONG!

WHAT AN ASSIGNMENT... WHAT DID I EVER DO TO DESERVE THIS! SOME GOOF OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL LETS HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY NAB A VERY IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION. NOW THE GAL HAS SKIPPED WITH THE PAPER AND I'M SUPPOSED TO FIND HER!



ALTHOUGH FINDING HER ISN'T SO HARD TO TAKE! SHE SURE IS A HONEY!

L
A
T
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R

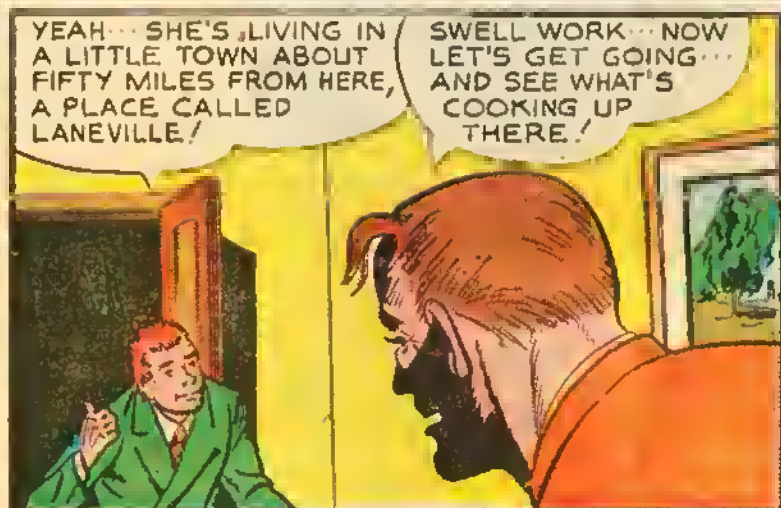


NOW, MEN, IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO KEEP THIS CASE A DEEP, DARK SECRET. THE ONLY CLUE WE HAVE IS THIS PICTURE OF THE SECRETARY, EDNA MARTIN, AND WE MUST LOCATE HER... PRONTO! SO LET'S GET STARTED!

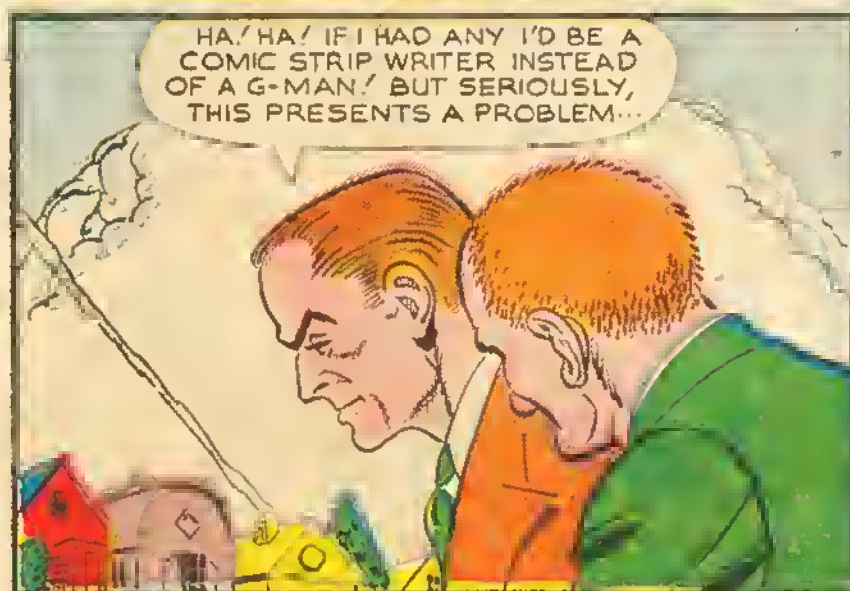
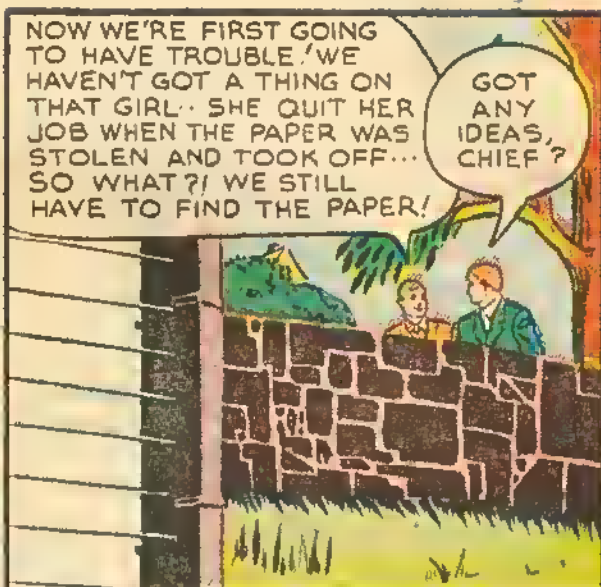
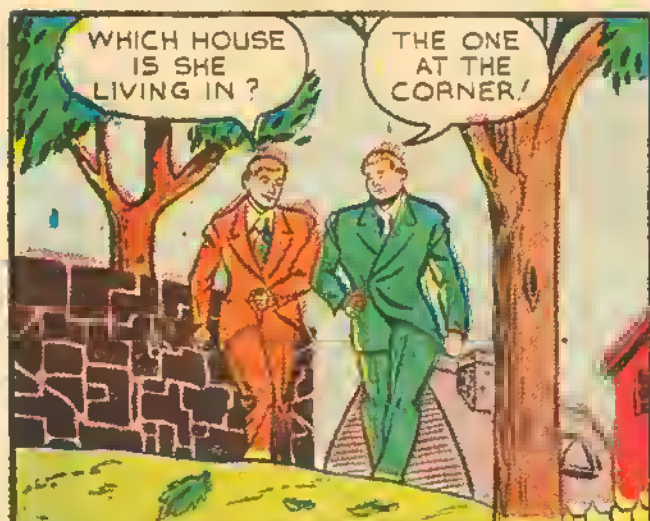
UNDER RAWSON'S DIRECTION THE SEARCH GETS UNDERWAY...



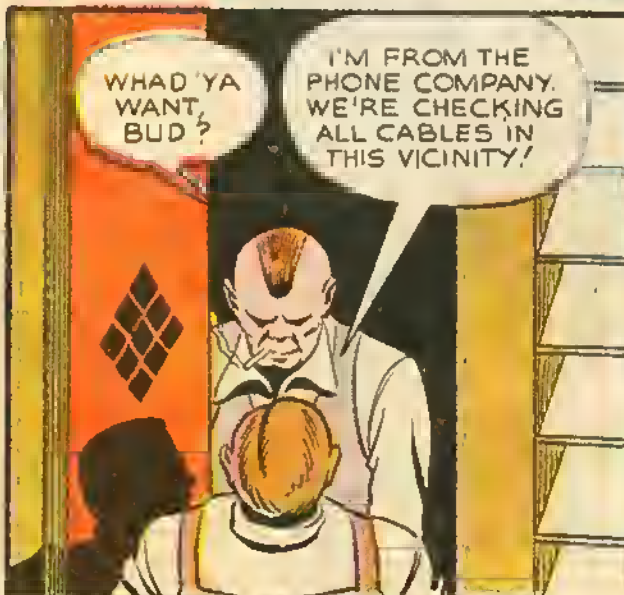
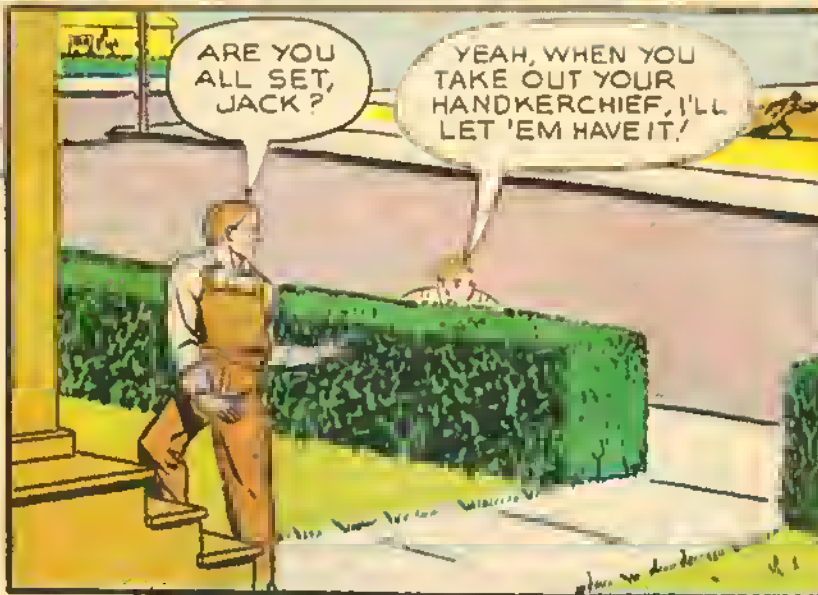
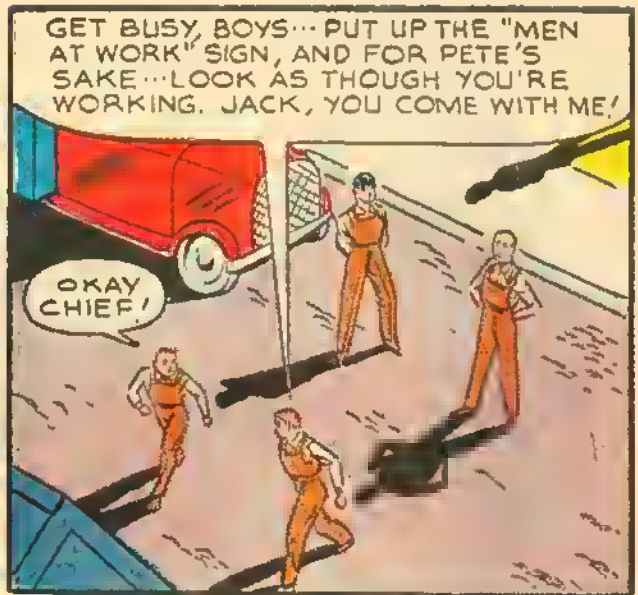
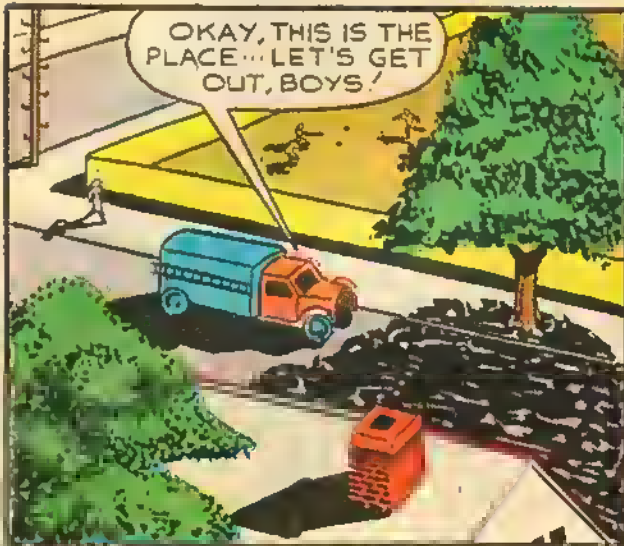
I THINK THERE'S A LOT OF TOUGH SLEDDING AHEAD OF US... THAT GAL'S PLENTY CAGEY!

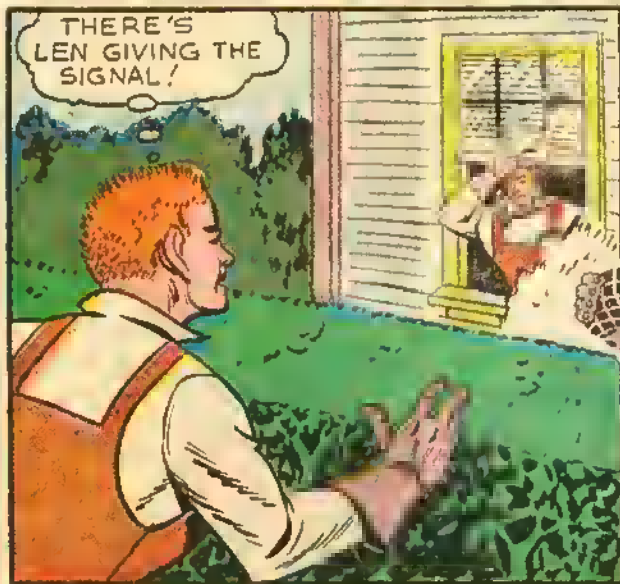
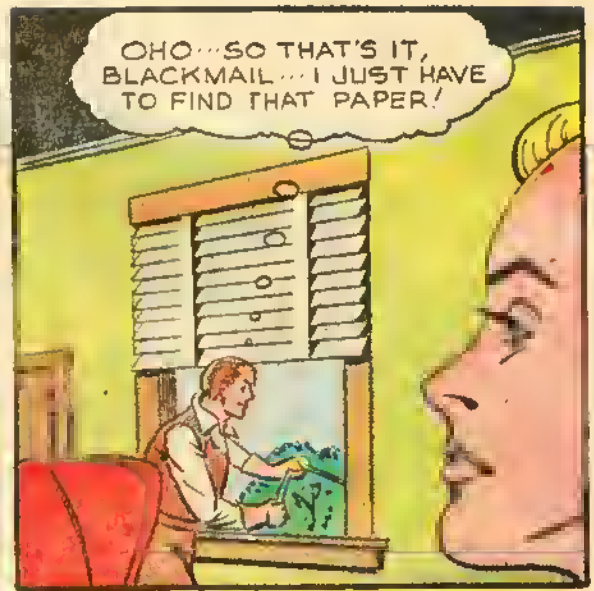


LEN ARRIVES IN LANEVILLE AND LOOKS THE SITUATION OVER...

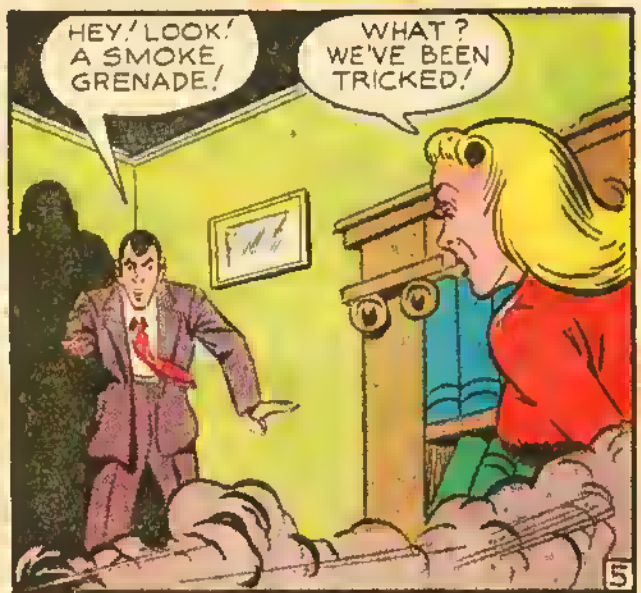
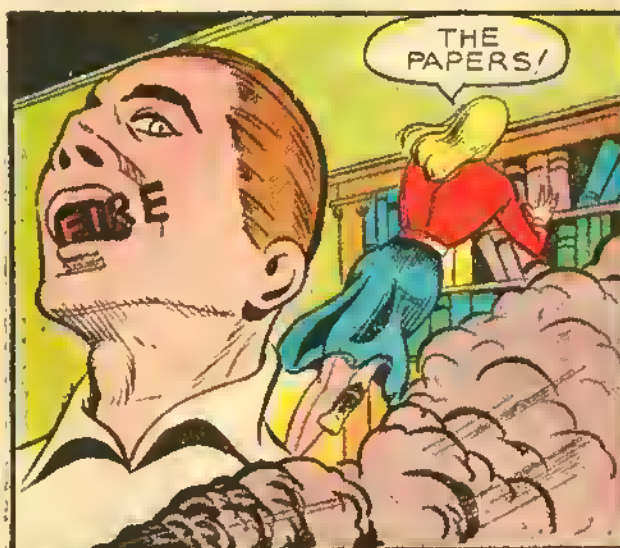


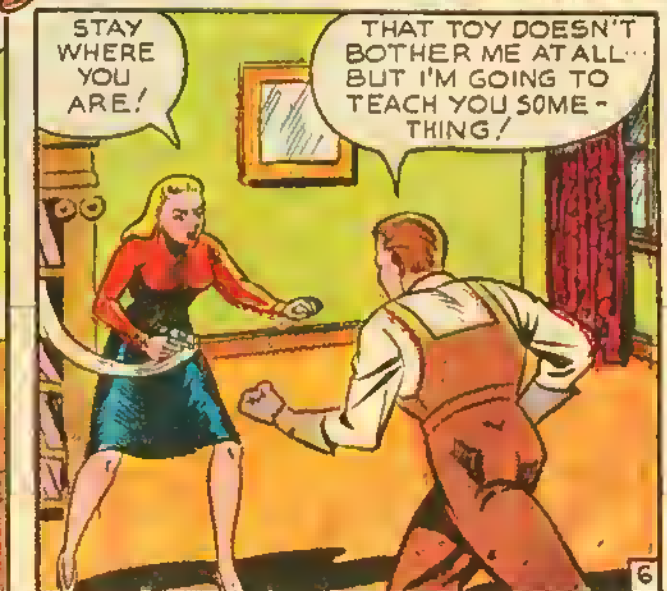
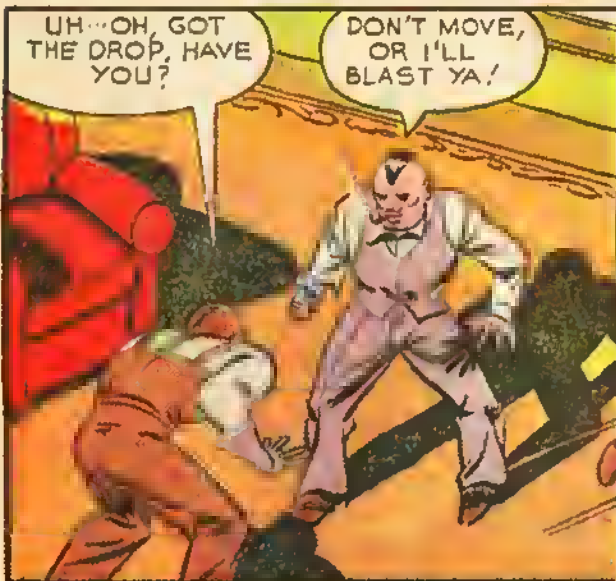
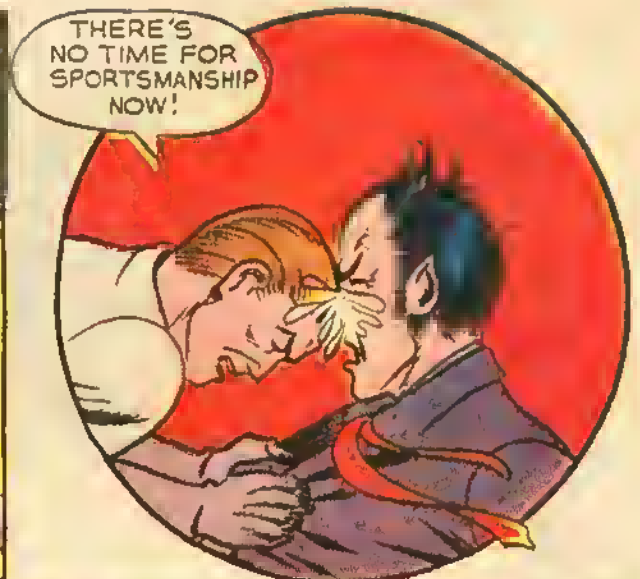
THE NEXT MORNING...

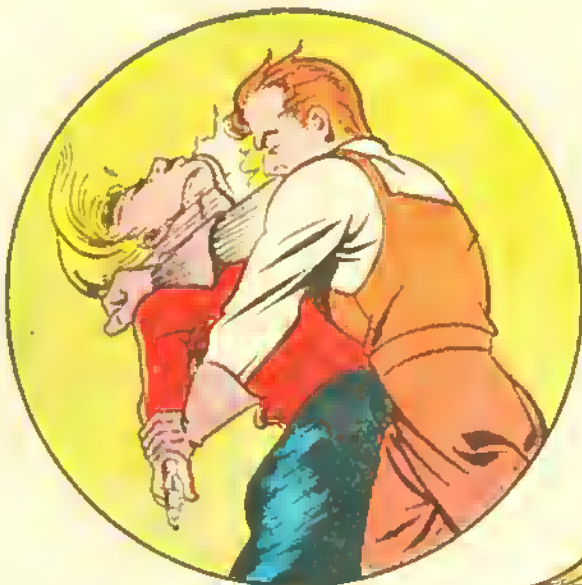




JACK'S TOSS IS GOOD AND...



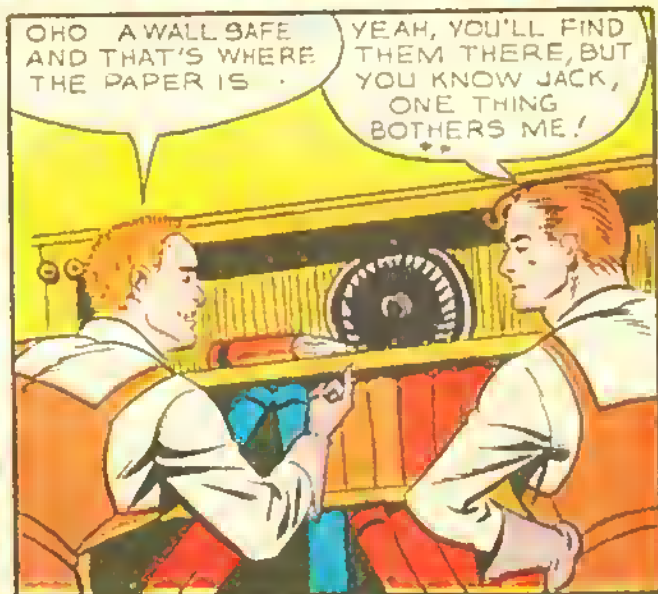
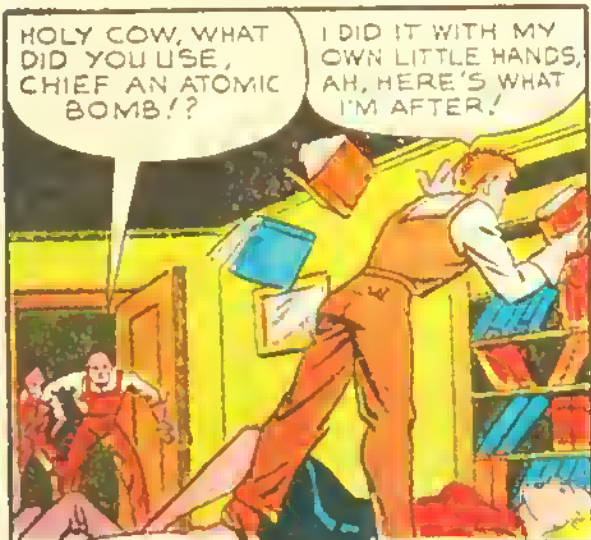




HEAVENS TO BETSY!
I'M NOT A GENTLEMAN--
I HIT A LADY!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



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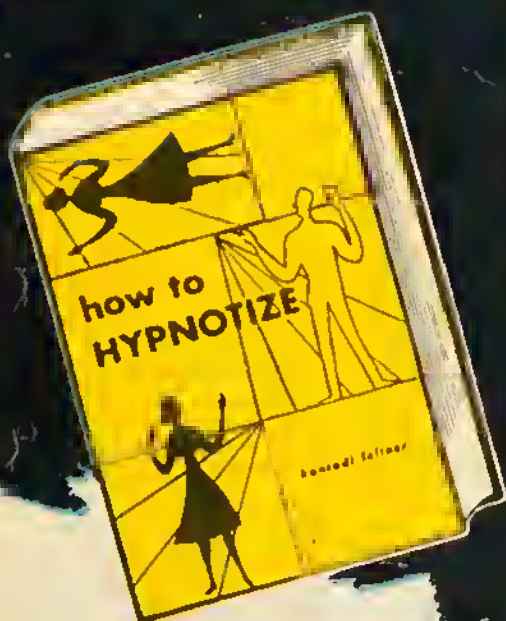
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